

'The Primary Emotions

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Were Exhaustion and Fear'

Deborah Layton Blakey, 25, was a top aide of the Rev. Jim Jones until May, when she asked American consul officials to safeguard her departure from the Peoples Temple jungle outpost in Guyana. In the following June 15, 1978, affidavit given to her lawyer for potential action, she detailed conditions at the agricultural mission, saying Jones had become a "paranoid" obsessed with "traitors." Spokesmen for the temple categorically denied her charges at the time.

The purpose of this affidavit is to call to the attention of the United States government the existence of a situation which threatens the lives of United States citizens living in Jonestown, Guyana.

From August 1971 until May 13, 1978, I was a member of the People's Temple. For a substantial period of time prior to my departure for Guyana in December 1977, I held the position of financial secretary of the Peoples Temple.

I was 18 years old when I joined the Peoples Temple. I had grown up in affluent circumstances in the permissive atmosphere of Berkeley, Calif. By joining the Peoples Temple, I hoped to help others and in the process to bring structure and self-discipline to my own life.

During the years I was a member of the Peoples Temple, I watched the organization depart with increasing frequency from its professed dedication to social change and participatory democracy. The Rev. Jim Jones gradually assumed a tyrannical hold over the lives of temple members.

Any disagreement with his dictates came to be regarded as "treason." The Rev. Jones labeled any person who left the organization a "traitor" and "fair game." He steadfastly and convincingly maintained that the

punishment for defection was death. The fact that severe corporal punishment was frequently administered to temple members gave the threats a frightening air of reality.

The Rev. Jones saw himself as the center of a conspiracy. The identity of the conspirators changed from day to day along with his erratic world vision. He induced the fear in others that, through their contact with him, they had become targets of the conspiracy. He convinced black temple members that if they did not follow him to Guyana they would be put into concentration camps and killed. White members were instilled with the belief that their names appeared on a secret list of enemies of the state that was kept by the CIA and that they would be tracked down, tortured, imprisoned and subsequently killed if they did not flee to Guyana.

Paranoid Vision of World

Frequently, at temple meetings, Rev. Jones would talk nonstop for hours. At various times he claimed that he was the reincarnation of either Lenin, Jesus Christ, or one of a variety of other religious or political figures. He claimed that he had divine powers and could heal the sick. He stated that he had extrasensory perception and could tell what everyone was thinking. He said that he had powerful connections the world over, including the Mafia, Idi Amin, and the Soviet government.

When I first joined the temple, Rev. Jones seemed to make clear distinctions between fantasy and reality. I believed that most of the time when he said irrational things he was aware that they were irrational, but that they served as a tool of his leadership. His theory was that the end justified the means. At other times, he appeared to be deluded by a paranoid vision of the world. He would not sleep for days at a time and talk compulsively about the conspiracies against him. However, as time went on, he appeared to become genuinely irra-

tional.

Rev. Jones insisted that temple members work long hours and completely give up all semblance of a personal life. Proof of loyalty to Jones was confirmed by actions showing that a member had given up everything, even basic necessities. The most loyal were in the worst physical condition. Dark circles under one's eyes or extreme loss of weight were considered signs of loyalty.

The primary emotions I came to experience were exhaustion and fear. I knew that Rev. Jones was in some sense "sick," but that did not make me any less afraid of him.

Rev. Jones fled the United States in June 1977 amidst growing public criticism of the practices of the temple. He informed members of the temple that he would be imprisoned for life if he did not leave immediately.

Between June 1977 and December 1977, when I was ordered to depart for Guyana, I had access to coded radio broadcasts from

Rev. Jones in Guyana to the Peoples Temple headquarters in San Francisco.

A Major Crisis

In September 1977, an event which Rev. Jones viewed as a major crisis occurred. Through listening to coded radio broadcasts and conversations which other members of the temple staff, I learned that an attorney for former temple member Grace Stoen had arrived in Guyana, seeking the return of her son, John Victor Stoen.

Rev. Jones has experienced particular bitterness toward Grace Stoen. She had been chief counselor, a position of great responsibility within the temple. Her personal qualities of generosity and compassion made her very popular with the membership. Her departure posed a threat to Rev. Jones' absolute control. Rev. Jones delivered a number of public tirades against her. He said that her kindness was faked and that she was a CIA agent. He swore that he would never return her son to her.

I am informed that Rev. Jones believed that he would be able to stop Timothy Stoen, husband of Grace Stoen and father of John Victor Stoen, from speaking against the temple as long as the child was being held in Guyana. Timothy Stoen, a former assistant district attorney in Mendocino and San Francisco counties, had been one of Rev. Jones' most trusted advisers. It was rumored that Stoen was critical of the use of physical force and other forms of intimidation against temple members. I am further informed that Rev. Jones believed

that a public statement by Timothy Stoen would increase the tarnish on his public image.

When the temple lost track of Timothy Stoen, I was assigned to track him down and offer him a large sum of money in return for his silence. Initially, I was to offer him \$5,000. I was authorized to pay him up to \$10,000. I was not able to locate him and did not see him again until on or about Oct. 6, 1977. On that date, the temple received information that he would be joining Grace in a San Francisco Superior Court action to determine the custody of John. I was one of a group of temple members assigned to meet him outside the court and attempt to intimidate him to prevent him from going inside.

The September 1977 crisis concerning John Stoen reached major proportions. The radio messages from Guyana were frenzied and hysterical. One morning, Terry J. Buford, public relations adviser to Rev. Jones, and myself were instructed to place a telephone call to a high-ranking Guyanese official who was visiting the United States and deliver the following threat: unless the government of Guyana took immediate steps to stall the Guyanese court action re-

garding John Stoen's custody, the entire population of Jonestown would extinguish itself in a mass suicide by 5:30 p.m. that day. I was later informed that temple members in Guyana placed similar calls to other Guyanese officials.

We later received radio communication to the effect that the court case had been stalled and that the suicide threat was called off.

Conditions at Jonestown

I arrived in Guyana in December 1977. I spent a week in Georgetown and then, pursuant to orders, traveled to Jonestown.

Conditions at Jonestown were even worse than I had feared they would be. The settlement was swarming with armed guards. No one was permitted to leave unless on a special assignment and these assignments were given only to the most trusted. We were allowed to associate with Guyanese people only while on a "mission."

The vast majority of the temple members



Associated Press

Rev. Jones: "He induced fear in others that they had become targets of conspiracy."

were required to work in the fields from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. six days per week and on Sunday from 7 a.m. to 2 p.m. We were allowed one hour for lunch. Most of this hour was spent walking back to lunch and standing in line for our food. Taking any other breaks during the workday was severely frowned upon.

The food was woefully inadequate. There was rice for breakfast, rice water soup for lunch, and rice and beans for dinner. On Sunday, we each received an egg and a cookie. Two or three times a week we had vegetables. Some very weak and elderly members received one egg per day. However, the food did improve markedly on the few occasions when there were outside visitors.

In contrast, Rev. Jones, claiming problems with his blood sugar, dined separately and ate meat regularly. He had his own refrigerator which was stocked with food. The two women with whom he resided . . . and the two small boys who lived with him . . . dined with the membership. However, they were in much better physical shape than everyone else since they were also allowed to eat the food in Rev. Jones' refrigerator.

In February 1978, conditions had become so bad that half of Jonestown was ill with severe diarrhea and high fevers. I was seriously ill for two weeks. Like most of the other sick people, I was not given any nourishing foods to help recover. I was given water and a tea drink until I was well enough to return to the basic rice and beans diet.

As the former financial secretary, I was aware that the temple received over \$65,000 in Social Security checks per month. It made me angry to see that only a fraction of the income of the senior citizens in the care of the temple was being used for their benefit. Some of the money was being used to build a settlement that would earn Rev. Jones the place in history with which he was so obsessed. The balance was being held in "reserve." Although I felt terrible about what was happening, I was afraid to say anything because I knew that anyone with a differing opinion gained the wrath of Jones and other members.

Rev. Jones' thoughts were made known to the population of Jonestown by means of broadcasts over the loudspeaker system. He broadcast an average of six hours per day. When the reverend was particularly agitated, he would broadcast for hours on end. He would talk on and on while we worked in the fields or tried to sleep. In addition to the daily broadcasts, there were marathon meetings six nights per week.

The tenor of the broadcasts revealed that Rev. Jones' paranoia had reached an all-



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The Jonestown settlement: "Conditions . . . were even worse than I feared . . . no one was permitted to leave unless on special assignment."

time high. He was irate at the light in which he had been portrayed by the media. He felt that as a consequence of having been ridiculed and maligned, he would be denied a place in history. His obsession with his place in history was maniacal. When pondering the loss of what he considered his rightful place in history, he would grow despondent and say that all was lost.

Performances for Visitors

Visitors were infrequently permitted access to Jonestown. The entire community was required to put on a performance when a visitor arrived. Before the visitor arrived, Rev. Jones would instruct us on the image we were to project. The workday would be shortened. The food would be better. Some-

times there would be music and dancing. Aside from these performances, there was little joy or hope in any of our lives. An air of despondency prevailed.

There was constant talk of death. In the early days of the Peoples Temple, general rhetoric about dying for principles was sometimes heard. In Jonestown, the concept of mass suicide for socialism arose. Because our lives were so wretched anyway and because we were so afraid to contradict Rev. Jones, the concept was not challenged.

An event which transpired shortly after I reached Jonestown convinced me that Rev. Jones had sufficient control over the minds of the residents that it would be possible for him to effect a mass suicide.

At least once a week, Rev. Jones would declare a "white night," or state of emer-

gency. The entire population of Jonestown would be awakened by blaring sirens. Designated persons, approximately 50 in number, would arm themselves with rifles, move from cabin, and make certain that all members were responding. A mass meeting would ensue. Frequently during these crises we would be told that the jungle was swarming with mercenaries and that death could be expected at any minute.

Practice Suicide

During one "white night" we were informed that our situation had become hopeless and that the only course of action open to us was a mass suicide for the glory of socialism. We were told that we would be tortured by mercenaries if we were taken alive. Everyone, including the children, was told to line up. As we passed through the line, we were given a small glass of red liquid to drink. We were told that the liquid contained poison and that we would die within 45 minutes. We all did as we were told. When the time came when we should have dropped dead, Rev. Jones explained that the poison was not real and that we had just been through a loyalty test. He warned us that the time was not far off when it would become necessary for us to die by our own hands.

Life at Jonestown was so miserable and the physical pain of exhaustion was so great that this event was not traumatic for me. I had become indifferent as to whether I lived or died.

During another "white night," I watched [name deleted] give sleeping pills to two young children in her case . . . [she] said to me that Rev. Jones had told her that everyone was going to have to die that night. She said that she would probably have

to shoot [the children] and that it would be easier for them if she did it while they were asleep.

In April 1978 I was reassigned to Georgetown. I became determined to escape or die trying. I surreptitiously contacted my sister, who wired me a plane ticket. After I received the ticket, I sought the assistance of the United States embassy in arranging to leave Guyana. Rev. Jones had instructed us that he had a spy working in the United States embassy and that he would know if anyone went to the embassy for help. For this reason, I was very fearful.

I am most grateful to the United States government and Richard McCoy and Daniel Weber, in particular, for the assistance they gave me. However, the efforts made to investigate conditions in Jonestown are inadequate for the following reasons. The infrequent visits are always announced and arranged. Acting in fear for their lives, temple members respond as they are told. The members appear to speak freely to American representatives, but in fact they are drilled thoroughly prior to each visit on what questions to expect and how to respond. Members are afraid of retaliation if they speak their true feelings in public.

On behalf of the population of Jonestown, I urge that the United States government take adequate steps to safeguard their rights. I believe that their lives are in danger. . . .



Five bodies lie under plane at scene of Port Kaituma shooting. The photo was taken with camera of Greg Robinson, photographer who was one of those slain.

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